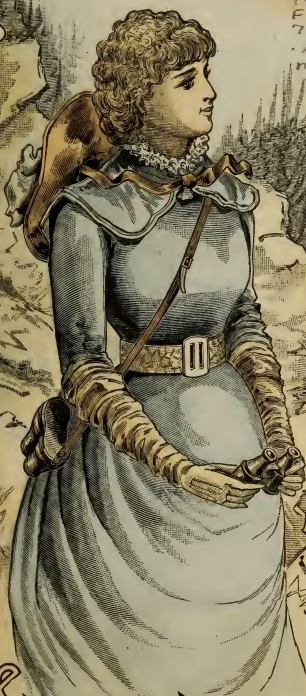




# Alice's Adventures IN THE NEW Wonderland

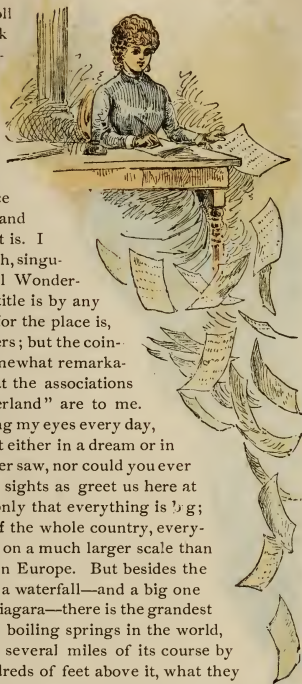
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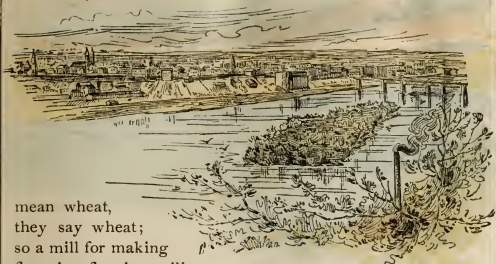


## The Yellowstone NATIONAL PARK

MY DEAREST EDITH:

When Mr. Carroll wrote that funny book about one of my childish dreams, I little thought the time would ever come when I should sit down to describe scenes and incidents in my actual experience every bit as strange and bewildering. Yet, so it is. I am here in a place which, singularly enough, they call Wonderland. Not that that title is by any means inappropriate, for the place is, indeed, a land of wonders; but the coincidence, at least, is somewhat remarkable, for you know what the associations of that word "Wonderland" are to me. Well, here I am, rubbing my eyes every day, to be sure that I am not either in a dream or in a new world. You never saw, nor could you ever imagine, such strange sights as greet us here at every turn. It is not only that everything is big; that is characteristic of the whole country, everything in nature being on a much larger scale than we are accustomed to in Europe. But besides the Rocky mountains and a waterfall—and a big one too, twice as high as Niagara—there is the grandest old lot of geysers and boiling springs in the world, and a river shut in for several miles of its course by mountains rising hundreds of feet above it, what they call a cañon (pronounced canyon), the walls of which are of such glowing colors that papa said he could compare it to nothing but the most gorgeous sunset he had ever seen. Then, what with the action of fire and water, the appearance of the earth itself is very curious; but I suppose that, as it will be two months at least before we get home, I had better give you a more detailed account of our journey since I wrote you from Chicago. We left that city in the evening for St. Paul, where we arrived the following afternoon. We found St. Paul such a beautiful city. It is built for the most part on the side of a hill overlooking the Mississippi river. It is the capital of the State of Minnesota and contains many fine buildings. Within twenty minutes' ride by train there is another large city named Minneapolis, where there are the biggest corn mills, as we should call them, in the world. They call them flouring mills, for, as you probably know, the word corn is not applied in this country to different kinds of grain, as it is in England, but only to what we call maize or Indian corn. When they





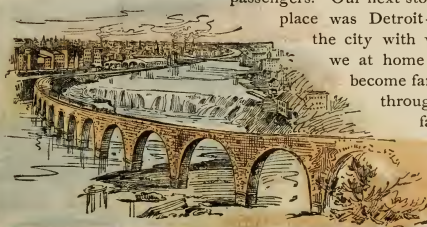
mean wheat,  
they say wheat;  
so a mill for making  
flour is a flouring mill.

These mills, when running at their full capacity, make 30,000 barrels of flour a day, a quantity, Tom said, that would supply a city of 45,000 inhabitants with bread for a whole year. They do not use steam, but water power from the Falls of St. Anthony. Do you remember our having "Hiawatha" for dictation at school? Of course you do, and you cannot have forgotten how dear old Miss Pickford used to trip up on those Indian names. Close by St. Paul are the Falls of Minnehaha. I used to think Minnehaha was the Indian name for Niagara, but here, a thousand miles away from Niagara, are the very falls immortalized in Longfellow's poem. They, at any rate, are not very big, and their chief interest is a sentimental one. I am glad I visited them, and in years to come, and in a far-off land, I shall doubtless often hear them

"Calling to me from a distance."

After spending a couple of days in these two beautiful cities, we started west on the Northern Pacific Railway—or, more strictly, "Railroad"—about which you read so much in the newspapers, when the last spike was driven, a year or so ago. This railway is the only one by which you can reach the National Park, unless you are prepared to face the discomforts of one hundred miles of staging. And, lest I should forget, let me say here that it is a superb line in every respect. You have all the comforts of the best hotel life on its trains; the cars run so smoothly and noiselessly that often you are not sure whether the train is in motion or not, and the conductors—well-bred and educated gentlemen—do everything in their power to promote the comfort and enjoyment of

passengers. Our next stopping place was Detroit—not the city with which we at home have become familiar through the fact of the



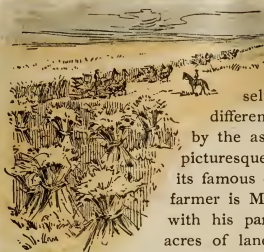
Pullman Car Works having formerly been situated there, but a beautiful watering-place in the western part of Minnesota. I don't know when I was so charmed with a place as I was with that little city. I ought to tell you that this State contains about 10,000 lakes; and when I add that one-half of the State is covered with forests, you can imagine the appearance of what is called the "Lake Park Region." Detroit is within a few minutes' walk of one of the most beautiful of these lakes, and one of the largest, for its shore line is thirty-seven miles long, for the most part well wooded and with a lovely pebbly beach. Countless lakelets dot the landscape as far as the eye can reach, and as for beautiful walks and drives, there are almost as many as there are around Leamington, and that is saying a great deal. Then the air, without being too strong, is very pure and exhilarating, and we met several persons who had derived extraordinary benefit from it. Game and fish are very plentiful, and papa and Tom never went either shooting



or fishing that they did not return literally weighed down. The next thing of interest on our programme was what are called the bonanza wheat farms of Dakota. Papa and Tom were looking forward to them with great interest, but I must confess I did not work myself up into any condition of feverish excitement, for I supposed one wheat field was like another. I am glad I did not, for while I could not have been disappointed, however high my expectations had been, I had, as it was, the additional zest which surprise gives to pleasure. Imagine yourself, if you can, so placed that, looking around in every direction as far as the eye can reach, you see nothing but one vast plain waving with golden grain. You may think this a pretty tall story, and put it down as an American definition of a good-sized wheat field, but believe me it is every word true. The land is almost as level as a table, and excepting so far as the view is broken by the railway, the farm buildings and what few trees there are, and they are very small, it is one clear sweep of golden grain. Such a sight I never saw before. Nothing in the Lincolnshire fens, or that I ever saw on the continent, would compare with it. I thought Waterloo a great harvest field, but it is nothing to this, for on the Brussels side it is shut in by the Forest of Soignies, and it is only in the direction in which the lion so defiantly rears its head that there is any extensive sweep of level, grain-yielding country.

After remaining over night at Fargo, the largest and most





enterprising town in Dakota, we took the morning train to a place called Casselton, a name which, though differently spelled, carried me back by the association of sound to the picturesque village in the Peak and its famous caves. The great bonanza farmer is Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, who, with his partners, owns some 75,000 acres of land, over one hundred and seventeen square miles. Mr. Dalrymple was at home and kindly invited us for a drive among the wheat fields. And what a sight it was! There were two hundred and twenty reaping machines moving across the plain, and they not only cut down the grain but tied it up in bundles. If the grain had to be cut down with the sickle, wheat farming on such a scale as this would be altogether impossible. As it is, there are something like a thousand men employed on the farm at this time. After leaving Casselton we traveled for several hours through little else than wheat fields, and I can certainly understand now why the Northwest is called the granary of the world and why Minneapolis has its great flouring mills, and Duluth, of which we heard so much, its mammoth elevators. We passed several very pretty towns along the line, among which I remember well Valley City and Jamestown.

Charles Russell's well-known song,

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,"

had been much in my mind for several days as we were nearing the Missouri river, and a "mighty Missouri" it is, indeed. We came upon it in the morning just after passing Bismarck, the capital of Dakota. Would you be surprised to learn that up here in the far Northwest, 3,000 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, into which, as the great Missouri-Mississippi, its waters empty themselves, the river is over half-a-mile in breadth, or more than the width of the Thames at London bridge? Yet so it is. They call it the "Big Muddy." It has a very swift current, which carries down with it an immense quantity of sand, and it presents a very different appearance from the Mississippi as we saw it at St. Paul. We were talking about it that afternoon to a gentleman in the dining car, and he would have it that it is the Mississippi that runs into the Missouri, not the Missouri into the Mississippi. By the way, our dining car friend, who proved to be the Hon. ———, a member of Congress from Ohio, would not believe we were English, because we had some little regard for what was due to the letter *h*. I don't know whether it is because they have read Dickens so much, or because most of the emigrants from England are of the lower orders and not well educated, but here they seem to think that all the English people drop their *h*'s where they ought to aspirate them and aspirate them where

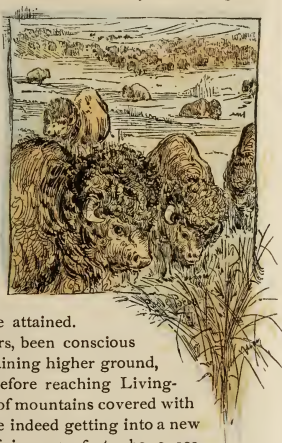
they should be silent. Once west of the Missouri, the wonders begin.

We had read a tourist book called the "Wonderland of the World," descriptive of the Northwest as seen from the Northern Pacific Railroad, but we had no idea what strange and truly wonderful sights were in store for us. Just as the sun was going down we entered that marvelous region, Pyramid Park,



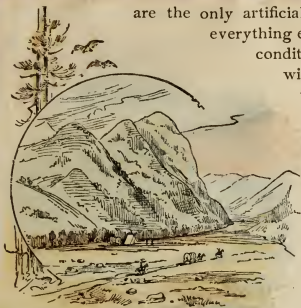
popularly known as the Bad Lands. If the most gifted writers acknowledge the impossibility of conveying an adequate idea of the extraordinary appearance of the country when describing it in detail, how can I expect to do it in the few lines that I can devote to it? That it is worth coming all the way from England to see is saying very little. The easiest way to describe anything is to compare it to something else and then you can say how far it surpasses and in what respect it falls short of what you are comparing it with. But when there is nothing else like it in the world what are you to do? Well, the country owes its singular appearance to the combined action of fire and water, which have united to produce the most fantastic forms and startling contrasts of color that the most disordered imagination could conceive. I should think there is more outline to the square mile than anywhere else in the world, and the mounds, and domes, and pyramids, and towers, and spires, would constitute it a perfect Wonderland if even the whole were characterized by the dull-est monotone of color. So also would the marvelous colors, if the extraordinary variety of outline were absent. Judge, then, of the combined effect. I felt, as I have felt since, here in the Park, that, as in real life, truth is stranger than fiction, so, in nature, neither any childish dream of fairy-land nor any conception of the genius of a Doré could paint such pictures as are unfolded in this true Wonderland. These pyramids, and turrets, and battlements, varying in height from a few feet to, papa judged, about three hundred feet, extend for many miles, and the surface of a single one will be black, and grey, and blue, and red, and green—not just a shade, or tinge, but the most decided and, not infrequently, most brilliant of colors. The grey and blue are, I suppose, the natural colors of the clay, the black is coal, the green the short grass of the country, and the red the lovely terra-cotta into which the burning of the coal has turned the clay. If there were no signs of activity, the scene would be weird and awful enough. If all were cold and dead, and the power by which it was produced mere matter of speculation, I, at least, who never had much patience with scientific jargon, should be inclined to take refuge in the theory of supernatural agency, so appalling to the senses is the effect produced. But the process is still going on. Every day the

burning coal is converting the grey and blue clay into the red terra-cotta, under the blue sky, and with the beautiful green grass all around. You can not only see the smoke, and from that, by a well-known piece of logic, argue the existence of fire, but you can see the fire itself. Tom even lit his cigar at a hole in the rock, where the fire was going on. (I ought to have told you that we left the train at, I think the station was called Medora, that we might examine the country more thoroughly.) We had now nothing to look forward to but the National Park itself, and, although we were very anxious to see the geysers and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, we did not think there could be anything in store for us more wonderful than what we had already seen. How far mistaken we were I must now tell you. The greater part of the day after we left the "Bad Lands" we were traveling up the Yellowstone Valley, a region in which we no longer saw miles of golden grain, but which is devoted to stock-raising. When we came to Livingston and had to change trains, leaving the main line for the National Park branch, it seemed as though the one grand object of our journey was at last to be attained.



We had, for several hours, been conscious that we were gradually gaining higher ground, and when, a few hours before reaching Livingston, we saw a lofty range of mountains covered with snow, we felt that we were indeed getting into a new world. Livingston itself is 4,450 feet above sea-level, or as high as Ben Nevis, or half as high again as Snowdon, yet it is embosomed in a beautiful valley with nothing to indicate its altitude. Our course now was southward and we were told to look out for fine scenery. The fact that we were approaching the famous Wonderland of the world was, however, of itself, sufficient to put us all on the *qui vive*. About five miles up the valley we came to the first cañon of the Yellowstone river, which is called the Gate of the Mountains. It is a grand scene; but I am mindful that I must not indulge in too much flowery language or my slender stock of adjectives will be exhausted before I come to the grandest part. The appearance of the valley, after we had passed the cañon, struck us as most peculiar, the mountains being of volcanic origin. Paradise Valley, most appropriately named, I cannot stop to describe at length. We came before long to this hotel, which we have made our headquarters in the Park, and which is a most surprising place in the comfort, and, I may say, luxury which it affords, in the midst of such surroundings. The hotel, and the government roads and bridges,





are the only artificial things in the Park, everything else being in its natural condition — rude, stern and wild. The Park, let me tell you, is an extensive area *literally crowded* with natural curiosities of the most wonderful character, and it has been set apart by the government for the use of the people for all coming time.

I could not but think how enlightened a policy it was that had dictated such a measure. After eating a splendid dinner, we turned out to see the wonders, some of which we found close at hand in the shape of the Mammoth Hot Springs. It was not the first time in my life that I had seen hot water issuing from the ground, but of anything of the kind on such an extensive scale as is found here I had never dreamed. It forms a perfect river of hot water; and now I am going to tell you something that you will scarcely believe. There was a gentleman fishing in the Gardner river, where the hot water flows into it, and after catching a trout, he would, without unhooking it, swing his line over into the hot water, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, the fish would be cooked and ready for the table. What do you think of that? Was there ever anything more wonderful in a child's dream than the fact of a cold river and a hot one running side by side and the angler cooking in the one stream the produce of the other. Tell me, is this not



Wonderland? The hot springs have formed a series of terraces which rise one above another with almost the regularity of the steps of the Great Pyramid which we visited, you remember, last winter. These terraces cover no less than ten acres and the water issues from semi-circular basins of various sizes, the margins of which are of the most beautiful colors imaginable, with very fine fretwork, just like the loveliest lace. The day was too far gone for us to set out on any lengthened expedition, and as we were all pretty well tired we determined to take a good rest at this excellent hotel and then to start early the following morning for some of the more distant wonders of the Park. Accordingly, the next morning saw us up with the lark. A pleasant drive of less than four miles, through Gardner



Cañon, passing by Gardner Falls and through Golden Gate, gave us an opportunity to judge of the wonderful skill displayed by the government's engineer in this recently completed road (whereby several miles in distance and an uncomfortable mountain ride is avoided), and at the same time reminded us forcibly of those splendidly constructed roads in the Alps, over some of which we passed in our last summer's journeyings on the continent. A drive of eight miles more brought us to the second wonder of the Wonderland, known as the Obsidian Cliffs. These are composed of glass! Not of ice, mind. They are *not glaciers*, but perpendicular cliffs of solid glass—I cannot say transparent, but yet glistening like jet, and, with here and there, streaks of color. I forget whether you have ever seen the Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland, but the formation of the Obsidian Cliffs is very similar to that of the Causeway, being a series of vertical columns, extending nearly a quarter of a mile and of imposing height. Like many other curiosities of this wonderful place, it is of volcanic origin. We brought away with us a few fragments, which you will see when we get back.

The scenery all along the road was superb, every turn of the winding path opening up new views of surpassing beauty. To the northward, the Electric Peak and the Devil's Slide(!) were, for a time, conspicuous objects. We were riding steadily along when, all at once, our attention was arrested by a sight upon which no one can look for the first time without emotion—it was a geyser in action. This wonderful object was revealed to us by a turn in the road shortly before we arrived at the Norris Geyser Basin, twenty-one miles from our hotel. Here we remained an hour, namely, from twelve to one o'clock. We thought the time all too short, but our guide knew much better than we did the relative importance of the various points of interest, and, after we had had an opportunity of watching the eruptions of some of the more active geysers in this basin, we hurried away. They are not the finest in the Park, but they were the first we saw, and never shall we forget the impression they made upon us. Leaving this place, we directed our course toward the Gibbon river, which flows through a grand cañon not far away, from the head of which we made a detour to some boiling mud pools, a much more interesting sight than that matter-of-fact and unattractive designation would lead you to expect. The cañons are another wonder of the Wonderland. Imagine, if you can, a river of

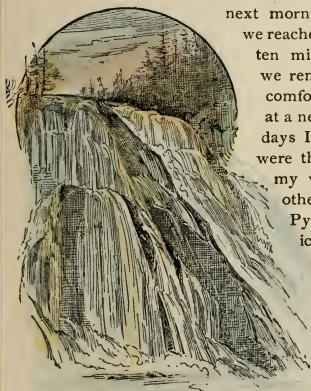
considerable volume closed in by towering walls of basaltic rock rising 1,500 to 2,000 feet above it. The effect of the appalling depth or height, according to whether you view it from above or below, it is impossible to describe. Realize, if you can, what 1,500 feet means—nearly four times the height of Salisbury spire and equal to that of many well-known hills which have the dignity of mountains in our own dear little island. By the way, traveling in this country of magnificent distances has a wonderful effect in expanding the mind. We think the journey of four hundred miles from London to



Edinburgh a very long one, but here you can travel night and day for a whole week, in pretty nearly a straight line. We have not made that achievement ourselves, but we are at this present time nearly 2,500 miles from New York. To continue, a further ride of a few miles, through the famous Gibbon Cañon, brought us to Gibbon Falls. This beautiful cataract cannot be seen from the road, but only by following a somewhat steep path down one side of the cañon, for the labor of which we were richly rewarded.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Lower Geyser Basin, where we remained at a comfortable hotel over night that we might be thoroughly rested for the wonders we were to visit the following day. The

next morning, bright and early, we reached Upper Geyser Basin, ten miles further on, where we remained two days, most comfortably accommodated at a new hotel. Of those two days I can but say that they were the most memorable in my whole life. There are other scenes, such as the Pyramids, Jerusalem, Venice, Rome and Niagara Falls, which will forever live in my recollection; but the experiences of those two days will overshadow them all. The most famous geysers in the world are in this basin.



First comes Old Faithful, which regularly every hour sends streams of boiling water to a height of two hundred feet, and continues this tremendous energy for several minutes. It is a stupendous sight. The water rises from a cone formed by a deposit of the mineral it holds in solution. What fairy tale contains anything more wonderful than that you take your

stand near a little mound of earth, from which puffs of steam are occasionally emitted, and that at a certain moment, with all the regularity and constancy imaginable, a dense column of water is suddenly shot up into the air, becoming a steady stream and continuing for five minutes?

But there is not one only of such marvelous displays of mysterious force.

Their name is legion and no two are alike.

So named from the resemblance of its cone to an old-fashioned straw bee-hive,

the Bee-Hive Geyser sends its column of water to a height as great, and sometimes even greater, than that of Old Faithful.

Although the volume of

water is very great, being three feet in diameter, little, if any, falls to the ground, it being rapidly evaporated and carried away as steam. Then we were so fortunate as to see the Giantess in action—one of the grandest of them all—having an eruption only once in fourteen days. It sends up a grand column as high as two hundred and fifty feet into the air; but it does it, not with the steadiness of some of the others, but by a series of spurts, following each other in rapid succession, which, being of unequal force, produce the most magnificent fountain-like appearance. The Grand Geyser shoots forth a strong column of water to a height of two hundred feet. Its eruptions are accompanied by a tremendous rumbling, a shaking of the ground and an escape of steam which is itself a sight to be seen. I must not forget to tell you that we saw four of the most important geysers in action at one time, with many smaller ones. If it is impossible to describe adequately a single eruption, how shall I convey to you an idea of the combined effect of many, for there are always smaller ones in action, to which nobody pays much special attention. But the impression of such simultaneous activity is not made upon us by sight alone, but through other avenues of sense, the rumbling of the earth,

the war of the waters and the hissing of steam filling your ears, while the trembling of the earth under your feet alone inspires you with the dread of impending danger. Returning from the

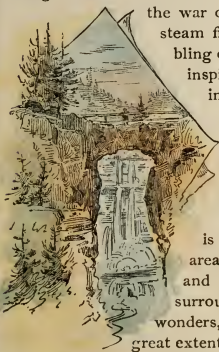
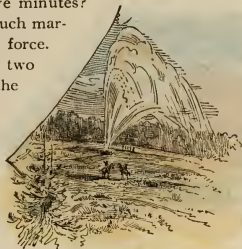
Upper to the Lower Geyser Basin along the road we came, we

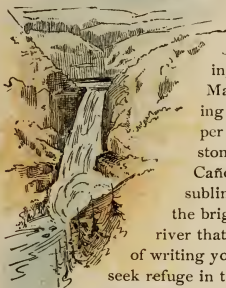
then branched off to the right to visit the Yellowstone lake and

the Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone river. The lake

is quite a large sheet of water, its area being no less than one hundred and fifty square miles. Were it not

surrounded, as it is, by so many natural wonders, unequaled in the world, its own great extent, at such an elevation (7,788 feet),





would invest it with extraordinary interest. But it is also situated amid scenery of enchanting loveliness, neither Como nor Maggiore, in my opinion, approaching it. Below the lake are the Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. Of the awful grandeur of the Cañon of the Yellowstone, the most sublime spectacle I ever gazed upon, the brightness and beauty of the shining river that leaps into this gorge, I despair of writing you intelligibly, and shall therefore seek refuge in the following quotation from the writings of an eloquent American divine:

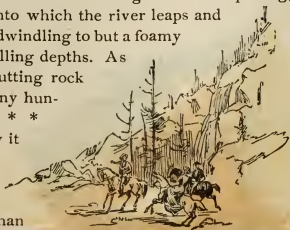
"Now dismounting, walk up that trail winding up that hillside; follow it for a little among the solemn pines, and then pass out from the tree shadows and take your stand upon that jutting rock—clinging to it well meanwhile, and being very sure of your footing, for your head will surely grow dizzy—and there opens before you one of the most stupendous scenes of nature—the Lower Falls and the awful Cañon of the Yellowstone.

"And now, where shall I begin, and how shall I, in anywise, describe this tremendous sight—its overpowering grandeur, and, at the same time, its inexpressible beauty?

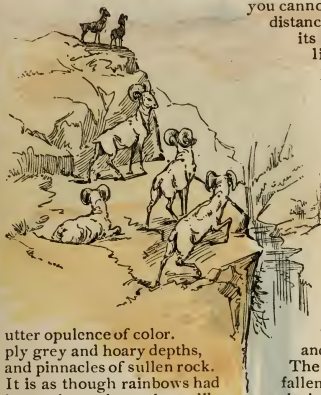
"Look yonder—those are the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. They are not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful. There is not the breadth and dash of Niagara, nor is there the enormous depth of leap of some of the waterfalls of the Yosemite. But here is majesty of its own kind, and beauty, too. On either side are vast pinnacles of sculptured rock. There, where the rock opens for the river, its waters are compressed from a width of two hundred feet, between the Upper and Lower Falls, to one hundred feet where it takes the plunge. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The water seems to wait a moment on its verge, then it passes with a single bound of three hundred and fifty feet into the gorge below. It is a sheer, unbroken, compact, shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are all the time distracted from the fall itself, great and beautiful as it is, to its marvelous setting—to the surprising, overmastering cañon into which the river leaps and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foamy ribbon there, in its appalling depths. As you cling here to this jutting rock the falls are already many hundred feet below you. \* \* \*

Take a stone and throw it over—you must wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than

the yawning of that chasm. And the stillness, solemn as midnight, profound as death! The water dashing there, as in a kind of agony, against those rocks,







you cannot hear. The mighty distance lays the finger of its silence on its white lips. You are oppressed with a sense of danger. It is as though the vastness would soon force you from the rock to which you cling. The silence, the sheer depth, the gloom, burden you.

"And then, of course, and almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and

utter opulence of color. They are not simply grey and hoary depths, and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The underlying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of color. It is impossible that even the pencil of an artist can tell it."

Having lingered around this fascinating spot as long as time would permit, we exchanged our wagon for horses, that we might visit other scenes of interest, without first returning to Mammoth Hot Springs. Ascending Mt. Washburn to the "divide," at an elevation of 8,867 feet, where water may be made to run either toward the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific Ocean, we directed our course to Tower Falls, a beautiful cascade one hundred and thirty-two feet in height. On our way to Baronnet's Bridge we visited a petrified forest, the trunks of the trees being actually fossilized where they had grown! At Yancy's Hotel we once more exchanged our saddle horses for wagons, and got back here last night, after a week's absence. And now, dear Edith, do you not think that this region is rightly named The Wonderland? The Wonderland of the World? I have, as you know, had great advantages in the way of travel, but, as I have already stated, nothing I ever saw in any other part of the world impressed me half so much as the great Northwest. It has been a new experience, an epoch in my life, and I cannot wish you a better wish than that you may soon have the good fortune to tread the mysterious soil and gaze upon the matchless scenes of this New Wonderland.

Your affectionate cousin, ALICE.

P. S.—When you write Emily Cavendish, who, I presume, is still with her brother, in Australia, tell her that, on reaching Yokohama, they should purchase tickets to San Francisco only, there re-purchasing through to New York or Liverpool, via Portland, Oregon, and the Northern Pacific Railroad. This is by far the best route, as it not only gives them an opportunity of visiting the far-famed Puget Sound region, but carries them through the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river, along the banks of Lake Pend d'Orielle, down the Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and to the very boundary of this Wonderland, from whence, as they continue their journey eastward, they can see for themselves the region whose manifold attractions I have tried, in my rambling way, to describe.

# Hotel Accommodations in Yellowstone Park.

Comfortable hotel accommodations have been provided in the Yellowstone Park, the principal hotel, at Mammoth Hot Springs, having accommodations for 250 people.

The Northern Pacific will sell book tickets, the coupons of which will be accepted for meals or lodgings, one or both, by any of the Association Hotels in the Park, without reference to the item or location specified on the face of the coupons, it being understood that the value of meal and lodging coupons is \$1.00 each.

These coupons can be used at such of the Association Hotels as may be selected by the tourist, it being understood that, after the coupons are exhausted, the holder will pay the regular hotel rate, which, to purchasers of book tickets, will not exceed \$4.00 per day. Parties holding either the book tickets, or the rail-stage tickets, need not make a continuous trip through the Park, but can stop at the different points of interest as they elect, within the forty days' limit.

**TRANSPORTATION IN THE PARK.**—Marked improvements have been made in the various roads in the Park during the past three years, some of the old roads having been abandoned and new ones constructed, shortening the distance, and vastly increasing the comfort of the tourists. The Association equipment under the management of Geo. W. Wakefield, is acknowledged by every one to be superior to that found in any other portion of the West. A line of stages leaves Mammoth Hot Springs daily June 16th to October 1st, inclusive; the last regular stage making the round trip, leaving Mammoth Hot Springs on the date last mentioned.

**TICKET RATES.**—The Northern Pacific sell at Livingston, Mont., June 15th to September 30th, inclusive, \$10.00, \$30.00 and \$40.00 round-trip excursion tickets, respectively to Mammoth Hot Springs and return; to Upper Geyser Basin and return; to Upper Geyser Basin and Grand Canon of the Yellowstone and return.

The \$10.00 ticket includes railroad fare Livingston to Cinnabar and return, stage fare Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs and return, and one day's board at the latter point; the \$30.00 ticket, railroad and stage fare Livingston to Lower and Upper Geyser Basins and return, and four days board; the \$40.00 ticket, railroad and stage fare to Lower and Upper Geyser Basins and Grand Canon of the Yellowstone and return, and five days board.

The \$110.00 book ticket (on sale June 13th to September 27th, at Northern Pacific office, 618 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., at Portland, Ore., Tacoma, W. T., St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland; and by principal rail lines from Atlantic Coast cities, Chicago and St. Louis, running in connection with the N. P. R. R., June 12th to September 25th), covers the expenses of the round trip from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Tacoma, W. T., or Portland, Ore., to and through the Park, including railroad fare, one double berth in Pullman sleeping car, meals on Northern Pacific dining cars, hotel accommodations for five days in the Park, and stage transportation through the Park. A \$75.00 round-trip rail-stage ticket from Northern Pacific Eastern terminals to Lower and Upper Geyser Basins and return, will be on sale as per dates given for the \$110.00 ticket. A \$50.00 round-trip ticket of iron-clad descriptive form from Eastern terminals to Livingston, Montana (holder to be identified at Livingston ticket office before return; limit and conditions otherwise same as \$110 ticket), will be on sale at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland, June 13th to September 27th, inclusive.

**LIMIT AND CONDITIONS.**—The \$110.00 and \$75.00 tickets are limited to 40 days, *i. e.*, going thirty days, returning ten days; will be honored for return trip only after the holder is identified at Mammoth Hot Springs, after which tickets must be presented on main line train within one day from date stamped at Mammoth Hot Springs, and on or before October 7th. Stop-overs will be given on these tickets within the limit of same at or east of Billings, Mont., and at or west of Helena, Mont.

The \$10.00, \$30.00 and \$40.00 tickets will be good if used between June 15th and October 1st, both dates inclusive.

**PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.**—The Northern Pacific Railroad and its Eastern connections sell daily to any person a round-trip excursion ticket, good from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland, to Tacoma, Portland or Victoria and return, at rate of \$80.00; tickets may read going via Cascade Division, returning via Columbia River, or *vice versa*, or returning via Canadian Pacific Railway to St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Port Arthur. Portland tickets will be issued good to return via Oregon Short Line to Omaha or Kansas City. The original route of ticket may be changed at North Pacific Coast common points on the payment of \$10.00. Limit of ticket six months, good going sixty days, stop-overs in either direction within limit; final limit extended on payment of \$10.00 for each additional thirty days time given. The Northern Pacific R. R. and its Eastern connections will sell daily to any person, a round-trip excursion ticket to San Francisco via the Shasta route or ocean, returning the same way, or to any Missouri River terminal, or Minneola or Houston, at rate of \$95.00 to St. Louis or New Orleans, \$101.00, to St. Paul or Minneapolis, via Missouri River, \$105.00.

## ALASKA EXCURSION TICKETS.

The Northern Pacific sell between May 1st and November 1st, an excursion ticket from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland, to Sitka, Alaska, and return, at rate of \$175.00. This rate includes meals and berth on Alaska steamer.

Call upon or write any of the following general or traveling passenger agents for information, copies of "Alice's Adventures in the New Wonderland," "Proctor Knott" Folder and the New Tourist Guide "Wonderland:"

A. D. CHARLTON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, 2 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

JAMES C. POND, Assistant General Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

C. B. KINMAN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept., 319 Broadway, New York City.

J. L. HARRIS, New England Agent, 306 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

E. R. WADSWORTH, General Agent, 52 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THOS. HENRY, Agent, 154 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

A. J. QUIN, 306 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

J. H. ROGERS, JR., 111 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. D. TELLER, 44 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

D. W. JANOWITZ, 48 S. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

T. L. SHORTELL, 112 N. 4th St., Louis, Mo.

F. H. LORD, 52 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

S. H. MILLS, 152 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

T. S. PATTY, 24 W. 9th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ELVIN H. SMITH, 332 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. A. JACK, 200 4th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

T. K. STATELER, 618 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

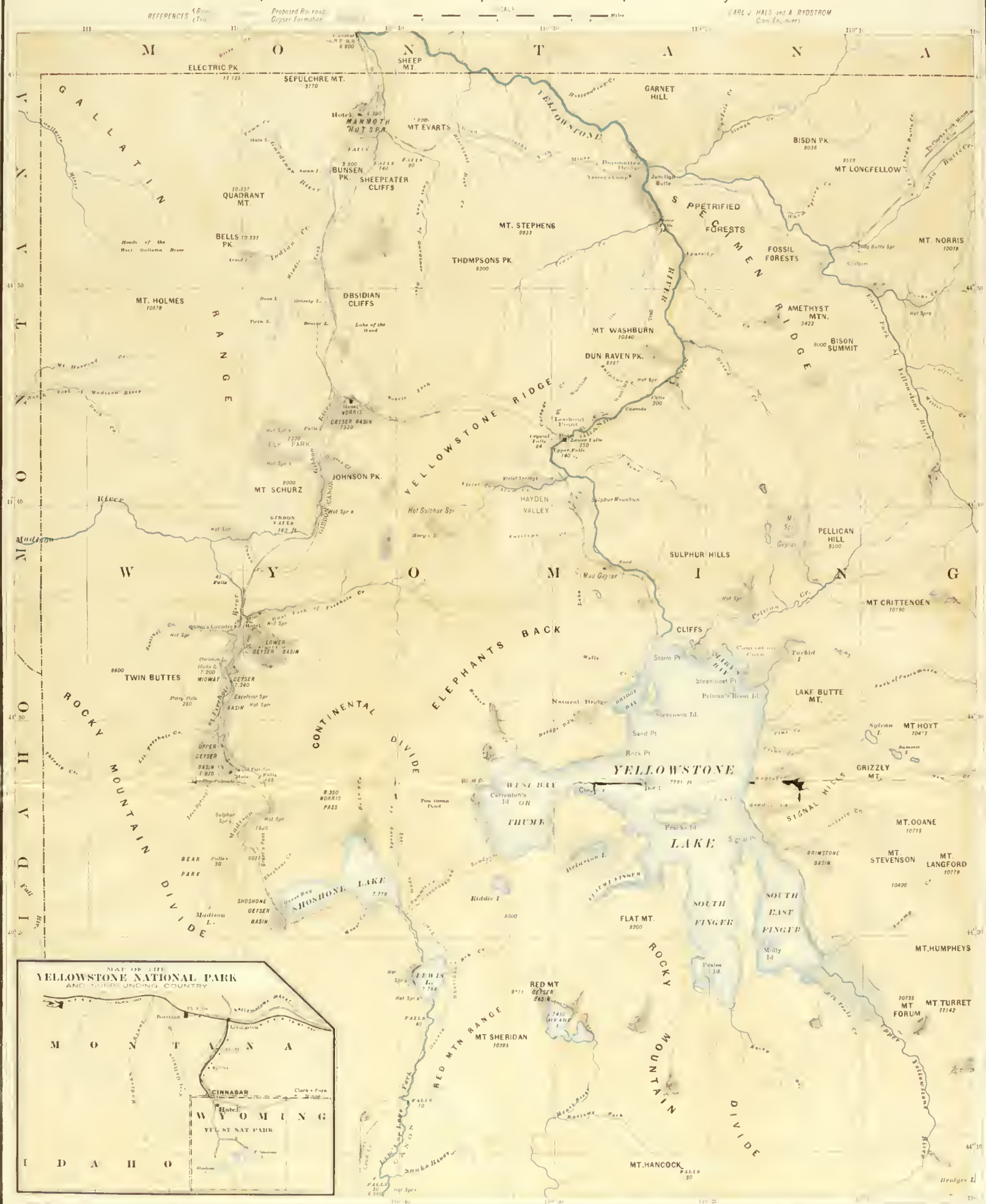
J. M. HANNAFORD, Traffic Manager N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.



*Compiled from different official explorations and our personal survey, 1882.*

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# NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

## THE WONDERLAND Route to the PACIFIC COAST



CHAS. S. FEE  
Genl. Pass. Agent  
ST. PAUL.